

# MINERS AND PACKERS CHEERED FOR JOAQUIN MILLER ON HIS CHILKOOT CLIMB

Journal's Poet Correspondent Tells of the  
Toilsome Climb Over the Snow  
Capped Pass.

Safe in a Yukon Scow, the Special Commis-  
sioner and the First Klondyke Expedi-  
tion Sailed Away for Dawson City.

By Joaquin Miller.

Head of Lake Bennett, Aug. 2, via San Francisco, Aug. 22.—I write by the bank of what is already a big river and at the foundation head of the mighty Yukon, the second if not the first of American rivers. We have crossed the summit, passed the terrible Chilkoot pass and Crater Lake and Long Lake and Linderman Lake, and now I sit down to tell the story of the pass while the man who is to take us down the river, 600 miles to the Klondyke, loads his big scow with cattle, brought from Seattle.

We started very early from Sheep Camp to cross the pass, as it threatened rain. The clouds closed right down upon us and blocked the pass before us and the sun above us. And, what was strange for Alaska, they were not the whitest of white. We questioned one another if it might not be the presence of so many eager men here, so many camps, so much contention that roused this plant of dark clouds. When we began to plough and plod and make familiar with nature then nature grew dark and staring in the face. We walked briskly up through a mile or two of stumps cut higher than your head, where the snow was, and then simply granite, snow and raging flood.

## All Life and Action.

The day and night had been sultry, almost hot. This had led loose the babbling tongues of ten thousand streams. There was a song in the granite world above and about us; and more than that, it was not only difficult, but dangerous to cross the floods before us as we arrived from the string of Yosemite and lifted our faces to the cloud-blocked granite pass. There has been more life and action about here than the world knows about. Thousands and thousands of people have passed this range during the last six months going to the Klondyke. Men, women and even children, and thousands of tons of supplies. As an example of the activity along here, a man named Burns, a Canadian, a schemer of restless energy, set up an elevator here last Fall and used it with great results till the snow faded away last Winter. He brought things up the stream that debouches at Dyea and passes Sheep Camp, right here within a mile of the pass, then with horse power he raised it to the summit on a sort of street car sled, where he had it carried forward to the head of navigation on the Yukon, near where I now write this letter while waiting for the barge that is to bear us to the Klondyke.

## Only One Hard Mile.

So you see there is only about a mile where horses and mules do not carry, but that mile, it is magnificent! We have scaled the snowy steep, slippery, too, and sliding like a baby avalanche; we have waded through tumbling ice brooks where we had to hold to one another. As we stood fronting that granite-belt and cloud-capped mountain pass before us we felt that there was work, and terrible work, before us, especially if the threatened rain fell.

Fortunately for myself, the head of the expedition had said before starting: "I have employed a man to carry your load. You see, you have proved that any man who will come right along, and that is all you were asked to do and all that you undertook to do. The rest is merely a question of a few dollars."

So I was not burdened. But we were the only ones who were not. We were the only party that ever climbed the Chilkoot Pass without packs on our backs. People turned to look at us, retaining packers. Resting a little time, the clouds lifted and we looked up. What a glorious spectacle and what a splendid example of American manhood! It made my heart thrill and throb with pride in my great people. Away up where an eagle might pause and poise his daring wings with care we saw below the clouds, against the clouds, and even in the clouds, the brave men climbing and climbing with their packs, pike in hand, holding on with one hand, holding the pike with the other—sixty pounds, seventy-five, one hundred, and in one case a giant courier with two hundred pounds. I never was so exalted in manhood, pure, unselfish, brave and glorious American manhood, in my life.

## Better Men Than Napoleon.

All the pictures that have been painted by word or on easel or even in imagination of Napoleon and his men climbing the Alps are but childish playthings in comparison. We raised a shout, and up the line it ran, the long, steep and tortuous line that reached from a bluff about us on and over and up till it lost itself in the clouds. And still down from out the clouds the shout and cry of exultation from those brave conquerors came back, and only died away when the distance made it impossible to be heard longer. And now we began to ascend.

It was not so hard as it seemed. The stupendous granite mountain, the home of the avalanche and the father of glaciers, melted away before us as we ascended, and in a single hour of brisk climbing we stood against the summit, or rather between the big granite blocks that mark the summit. As I said before, the pass is not so formidable as it looks and it is not half so formidable as represented; but, mark you, it is no boy's play, no man's play. It is a man's, and a big strong men's, honest work, and takes strength of body and nerve of soul.

Right in the pass and within ten feet of a snow bank that has not perished perhaps for a thousand years I picked and ate a little strawberry, and as I rested and roamed about a bit looking down into the brightly blue lakes that feed the headwaters of the Yukon I gathered a little sunflower, a wild hyacinth and a wild pea blossom for my button-hole.

This is not only a big land, but a big hearted land, a grand land, a savage land of savage contrasts, a land that is grand and glorious even in its savagery. As we pulled ferns and swapped estimates as to the age and area of the various glaciers that broke their icy chasms and lifted their broken walls of ice on the heights about us a raven of great size and voice flew between us headed from the winds that began to blow cold and keen from the blue lakes below us. He was not heading for the Klondyke, and now we began to advance; hardships, burdens, care, doubt, all these were behind us. We had crossed the one dreaded pass in Alaska.

## Looking Back Over the Trail.

At a little turn in the granite walled pass where bacon, flour, beans and so on were piled even more profusely than at any point along the trail, we were asked to look down in and through the pass by which we had come from tide water. It was worth all we had endured. On either hand there surged and swelled the great white and broken walls of the glacier, and close by lay cooling avalanches. To get down to plain detail, on the left hand and back toward "God's country" there lay the remains and the debris of bold Mr. Burns, who built the elevator, till warm weather melted the snows and made his venture worthless; while to the other hand and right near our feet lay the lakes.

I like people who like to talk of lakes. They are so often such men as would like to, or at least should, take a bath in one of them and be glad with Mother Nature. A way down a mile distant, over the deep world of solid snow at the bank of the lake, lay a boat and the running gear of a big wagon. This was Crater Lake, two miles long and the bluest of blue lakes I ever saw; a sort of intense green. Then another lake and still another, but we kept on till we came to Lake Linderman and here we built our first campfire and drank our coffee, made by our own hands, from the waters of the wonderful Yukon.

Plenty of good, sound ground to sleep upon. Not so many tents as at our last night's bivouac the other side of Chilkoot Pass, but, perhaps one hundred. Boats are built here, a sawmill near by, but the demand for boats is bigger than the supply, and you might have to wait a month to get one.

Reader a Hustler.  
The head of the scow was amazing energy, and although days in making a pass which is really quite forty, it is out the bright and odorous in the morning down the bring back the letters. Disturbed, however,



JOAQUIN MILLER, THE JOURNAL'S CORRESPONDENT, RESTING IN CHILKOOT PASS.

## FIRST WOMAN ON THE PASS.

The Journal's Fragile Correspondent Trying the Chilkoot Heights with Miners and Packers.

By Mary Holmes.

Mrs. Mary Holmes is the first woman who, as correspondent of a newspaper, has attempted the hardships and dangers of the Chilkoot Pass. Her first letter, written from Skagway, gives a vivid description of the conditions prevailing at that place. She is by this time on her way across the pass. Mrs. Holmes is traveling with her husband to the mines, and will describe her experiences for the Journal.

Skagway, Aug. 12.—Amid sheets of rain and piercing wind we have landed at Skagway. This landing consists in throwing a rope around a huge rock and dropping anchor. All one can see is a towering mountain of solid black rock, at the side of which runs a long, marshy channel. In the distance tents are dotted as far as the eye can see, and farther, for there are 4,000 prospectors on the route to the White Pass. They do not go on because they cannot. The eager question at every tent is: "Are there any horses on the Queen?" People who have no horses need not land at Skagway.

Hundreds who have given up all hopes of getting through have stacked out here and are having houses put up. A sawmill has been started and the owner is planning to get over with the boards. Many prospectors have been compelled to give up, but it is impossible to get over the trail. I am told that 100 pounds of lumber is much harder to get over the trail than 300 pounds of flour. The Indians charge \$100 to take a boat over, and you can buy one at Lake Linderman for \$75. The people already here say the trouble with the prospectors is that they have brought too much freight. Many have sold out and returned to Juneau to wait for Spring. Others are selling things for half price, so as to reduce their stores. Flour sells at sixty cents a sack. Strange Stories About the Weather.

Provisions are being left all along the trail. A newspaper seems to be the most desired article now. Every one is pleading for a paper. The different stories told are enough to drive one distracted. Some say it rains like this all the time till snow sets in, and others that this is the first rain in weeks. Though the prospectors are already urging newcomers not to land if they have no horses, all seem determined to do so. Only a few are going to Dyea.

I have just learned that the ship is short of hands, a number having deserted to go to the Klondyke. At Juneau alone there are 400 men, and the ship has just returned from British Columbia. At Vancouver he met a young man named Johnson who had just come down from the Pelly River with his partner, bringing \$15,000. A third partner was left at the mines. The money they brought out was placed in a Vancouver bank. Part of it was drawn out for the purchase of supplies, which were at once shipped to Edmonton, N. W. T., whence they were to be sent to the Klondyke. Johnson had brought out had been by the three men in

months. They went to the Pelly River early in the Spring and Johnson started out in July. Johnson said that all the miners on the Pelly River were making big money with the crudest of appliances. Up to the time he left only pans and trade-foot shovels had been used. Most of the miners were not coming out this Fall because it was possible to purchase supplies at trading posts of the Hudson Bay Company near the mouth of the Pelly River.

Mr. Kitchen could not get a definite statement as to the number of men now mining on the Pelly River, but he thinks there are about 200. Johnson told him that if he wanted gold he could get all he wished on the Pelly River.

Thin Enough to Get Over. Alamy has just returned in passing my statement that "That woman doesn't look as though she could carry a sunshade, much less go through the hardships of a trip over the pass." It is a very frail, or as some call it, skinnier physique that causes me to stand the best side of getting over. Rocks would have to be very close indeed through which I could not pass. The excitement at Juneau increases with the arrival of every steamer load of people bound for the Klondyke. The town itself cannot send any more, for every one who could possibly go has already done so. A black board posted at the angle of a street—there are few corners, they simply turn a little—contained the most distressing condition of affairs. He says that if there were 1,000 horses on the ground it would take them seventy days at a total cost of \$50,000 to transport the provision on the ground to the head of navigation on the other side of the mountains.

Fears of Trouble With Canada. From all that I can gather there is likely to be serious trouble at the passes before the Winter is over. The Canadian officials are said to be very dictatorial in their treatment of the miners, who have come so far. Even before the prospectors cross the mountains they are met by the Canadian officers and forced to pay duty. Canadian miners are allowed to come on American soil and dispose of their services at outrageously high prices. If, however, an American strays over to the other side, he is liable for a heavy duty, though he expects to return to his own country within the day. It is this sort of thing that has exasperated the Americans, and there is likely to be a clash most any day.

## PEACE RIVER BOOM.

Miners Returning to Vancouver Tell of Fortunes Found There This Summer.

Tacoma, Wash., Aug. 22.—The next gold rush will be to the Peace River, in the Northwest Territory. Mining has been carried on there in a slow way for years, but the discoveries made this Summer leave no room to doubt that an immense output of gold will come from the Peace River and its tributaries during the next two years. The men who are now taking out gold in large quantities there are not trying to create a boom, but are quietly sending for their friends to come into the country and secure claims. A. D. Krohn, a prominent mining broker of this city, has just returned from British Columbia. At Vancouver he met a young man named Johnson who had just come down from the Pelly River with his partner, bringing \$15,000. A third partner was left at the mines. The money they brought out was placed in a Vancouver bank. Part of it was drawn out for the purchase of supplies, which were at once shipped to Edmonton, N. W. T., whence they were to be sent to the Klondyke. Johnson had brought out had been by the three men in

GOING HOME RICH.  
Riley, Flanagan and O'Brien Brought Fortunes from the Klondyke to Spend This Winter.

Tacoma, Wash., Aug. 22.—F. P. Riley, who arrived last night from the Klondyke with \$85,000 in nuggets, dust and letters of credit, will leave this week for New York and go thence to his old home in Ireland, where he has not visited since he came to this country twenty years ago.

His partners, E. Flanagan and F. O'Brien, who brought out equal amounts, will go to their homes at Pittsburgh, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania. The trio went to the Yukon two years ago, and after a year of fruitless prospecting secured claims 37 and 39 on Bonanza Creek. Riley says that their pay streak is sixty feet wide and twenty feet high, and that they have worked only eight feet of it. His party intends returning in April, and will probably sell their mines after working them until next September. One season more is all the Klondyke experience they want.

## ARKELL SELLS OUT.

A Syndicate Has Purchased His Discovery Claims to the Klondyke Region.

Canajoharie, N. Y., Aug. 22.—Since he made his claim to the Klondyke territory, through discovery rights, because he sustained the expedition in 1896, and the publishing of the fact that he was planning a new expedition headed by his brother to go into Alaska, W. J. Arkell has received telegrams and letters from all parts of the West.

## THIEVES WORK DYE.

Miners Have a Lot of Property and There Is Talk of a Vigilance Committee.

Dyea, Alaska, Aug. 14, via San Francisco, Aug. 22.—There are signs of trouble among the hundreds of miners encamped here, at Skagway and along the steep trails of the passes. Thieves have begun their work, and their constant complaints of the loss of tools, ammunition and money. Men are talking of forming a Vigilance Committee, and if the thieves do not stop desperate measures will be taken by the honest miners to protect themselves and their property.

Many of the searchers for gold who are now stopping here will be unable to proceed on their journey, owing to lack of provisions.

Sitka Depopulated by the Rush  
New Copper River Gold  
Fields.

Lucky Klondykers with Ninety Pounds  
Bring News of a Threatened Fight at the Diggings.

Port Townsend, Wash., Aug. 22.—By private advice from Sitka, it is learned that Alaska's capital through a series of mining excitements which bid late it. After the Klondyke excitement had been word came of a rich copper strike on Prince William hundred miles to the westward of Sitka, and to the westward of the mouth of the Copper River is reported as quite extensive, and a large number been located. The ore shows unusual richness for traditional copper deposits which have been said to where on the Copper River. Several expeditions are out at Sitka to go there to investigate the new find.

After the transfer of Alaska by the Russian Government the Americans began to settle in and about Sitka. It was that the Indians were in possession of a large amount of copper, in pieces weighing from two to ten pounds, and also many of their cooking utensils were made of copper, as were their knives, forks and spoons, also balling scoops, and as for their canoes. So plentiful was the copper among the Indians that it was thought that a veritable mountain of copper near Sitka. It was not long, however, after the advent of American traders that the copper supply materially diminished, and later on, when the tourists made their appearance, the knives, forks and canoes were gathered up, and the Indian progressive, supplied themselves with more modern articles. After the copper had disappeared the question arose from it came.

## Indians Traded for the Metal.

After much inquiry among the Indians, it was learned that the Indians had obtained it from the Copper River Indians who trading expeditions to the westward in the vicinity of the mouth of the Copper River, and Prince William's Sound. From it was thought that the copper came from the river headwaters, and several expeditions were sent out to explore them. In 1884 an expedition was sent out under Lieutenant Albert U. S. A., and it was his intention to explore the river mouth to its source. However, it was a complete failure. Abercrombie only succeeded in ascending the river to Wood's Canyon, and then returned to the coast.

In 1888, Lieutenant H. T. Allen, U. S. A., was succeeded in ascending the river to the headwaters, divide to the Tenana River, following that stream Yukon, thence down that river to St. Michael's, taken in a revenue cutter to San Francisco. This accomplished nothing beyond establishing the fact that the copper could be ascended, and that Wood's Canyon is not a barrier, and also that the Indians are not so far promoters of Judge Kahn's mythical expedition, who reported will start from this port in the Spring in loaded with one hundred men, rifles and ammunition to attack the savages, would seem to indicate.

## Gold There, Too.

It has long been the belief of many of the old Yukon that gold in considerable quantities existed on the headwaters of the Copper River, and in 1880, Frank Danmore, one of the Yukon prospectors, crossed the divide from the Yukon a portion of one season on its headwaters. He did not in paying quantities, and, being out of supplies, he had to give up before he could make a thorough investigation.

## Waiting for News of Stewart R.

All the steamers coming from Skagway will be renewed interest, as it is understood that all Stewart River and the other tributaries at the Yukon, are now coming out that way. The miners is down the Yukon to the steamers at St. Michael's, but this is a roundabout route for those who have been waiting for the Stewart River region.

Many prospectors heading for the Klondyke from here plan to go to the Stikine River route, by the way of Telegraph Creek and Lake Teslin. The advantage of this is that it is through the gold district, and the observant fingered prospectors, if detained along the way, can up some good things. The Skeena River prospects are all along, and enthusiastic experts predict a rush to that region Spring.

The Union Steamship Company's steamer Conquistador yesterday morning from Skagway Bay and Dyea. Her live stock and freight were landed safely, and upon the calls were made at River Inlet and the Skeena River.

## Fresh Fever in Seattle.

Seattle is again flourishing with feverish excitement, of it all being the arrival of three Klondykers direct from the Klondyke. This trio, George Stewart, of Sumner, Wash. Thorpe, of Seattle, and Joseph Winterhoben, of Alaska, assistance of Jack Ross, of Juneau, and a Chilkoot Indian, odd pounds (about \$20,000) in gold dust overland diggings on Eldorado and Bonanza Creek, Stewart, Thorpe, Winterhoben came down from Juneau on the steamer George. They were the first persons to come overland from the Klondyke this year. Starting from Dawson on the evening of July 1, trading their weary way, reached Salt Water, at the Chilkoot River thirty-nine days later. From Dawson proceeded to the Pelly River, and leaving the Yukon a over what is known as the Dalton trail. Once the return diggers lost their way, travelling about eighty-five miles.

There were about 2,500 people in the Klondyke district the party left, and there was a great scarcity of food the stores having a pound of bacon. It was to obtain for this Winter that the quartette came out. They were within a week.

## Money for the Widows and Orphans.

"We brought out ninety odd pounds of dust," Mr. said, in answering questions as to the success of his trip. "It is not all ours, for some of it goes to the widows and orphans around these parts. You know the boys in asked us to do this for them, so we carried out a little of a number of fellows. Had we taken all they would bring, we would have been weighted down. As it was quite a burden with our dust, our provisions and blue were four white men, one Indian and a horse in the horse concluded that he was in bad company, so many miles this side of the Pelly River, we turned graze. We were never able to catch him again. enough of it, and I guess he did not stop until he got to the Pelly River.

## Provisions Scarce at Dawson.

As to the food supply at Klondyke, Stewart said left Dawson, July 4, there was a great scarcity. Bacon was not to be had at any price, and only flour could be purchased at the stores. There were 2,500 people in the Klondyke district, including Dawson. No matter what transportation or cannot take in enough food. They have no season yet, and they will fall worse this year is bound to be hunger and starvation in before Spring. Look at the people who are in Spring. About 1,300 of the Spring brigade Pelly River when we left the river and they were still going in. These do not after the regular season.

Unemployment.  
Ward  
by the three men in